The Story of Extension

THE STORY OF EXTENSION. By the Right Reverend Francis C. Kelley, D. D., LL. D. Extension Press, Chicago.

THIRTY years ago the author of this book, then a young priest, was assigned to a small parish in Lapeer, Michigan. Like most young priests, he had had dreams of an ideal first parish: a Gothic church, with towers, ivy, chiming bells, a pipe organ, statues from Carrara; a rectory full of books and paintings and dim religious light. What he found in Lapeer was "a dry goods box with a cross on it" for a church. The pews were a penance. There was no sacristy, no pulpit. The vestments were dirty. He had to run into "grim, dire church poverty."

Before he realized how poor his people were Father Kelley told them that they ought to be ashamed of their church building. Old, hard fisted John Cronin stayed after mass to tell him that what was good enough for the people who built the church ought to be good enough for a young slip of a priest. It was a blunt congregation. Uncle Daniel Sullivan called on the new rector to inquire concerning the rumor that he was a Republican. Father Kelley pleaded guilty.

"How," said Uncle Daniel, "can you be a Republican and a Catholic?" Monsignor Kelley adds parenthetically that this classic question was put long before Mr. Dooley asked: "Are ye a Dimmycrat or a Prodestant?"

Uncle Daniel was fairly satisfied with Father Kelley's explanation respecting his political convictions, but he left with a doubtful compliment: "The man here before ye was not shmart enough; but ye, ye are too dom shmart. I don't like a man who is not shmart enough, but I don't know what'll become of a man who is too dom shmart."

Father Kelley determined that Lapeer should have a new church, so he sold the old one for $1,500 and told the congregation about it afterward. He bought a lot in a better section and made a contract—without money—for the new building. The Methodists, too, were putting up a new church. Father Kelley heard that their minister had easier sledding than he was having, for the Methodist Church Extension Society was helping him. He tried to find a Catholic Extension Society, but there was none. There and then the first seed of the Catholic Extension Society was sown in the young priest's brain. But meanwhile he had to finance his own undertaking. It was hard work. When the Spanish War came he thought he saw a chance. The church debt was $8,000. Father Kelley insured his own life for that amount and enlisted as a chaplain. This scheme failed, too, for he was back in Lapeer in five months, yellow and emaciated. He had his army horse and he raffled him off for $1,500. Then he began lecturing on the war at $15 a night and he picked up $600 the first winter.

It was Father Kelley's lecture tour of the West that finally convinced him that an extension society was absolutely necessary. He found parishes so poor that the old church at Lapeer was a cathedral in comparison with their miserable shacks. But it was years before he was able so to crystallize sentiment among Catholic clergy and laymen that his idea came true. In 1905, the Catholic Church Extension Society of the United States was organized. Since then, in remote parishes where the Catholics are few and poor, the Society has aided the building of churches and chapels which serve half a million people. Monsignor Kelley, who is president of the Society, is also the editor of the *Extension Magazine*, through whose appeals and profits the bulk of the Society's money comes.

Monsignor Kelley's book is rich in anecdote. There is the story of the Mexican revolutionists whose scheme to make Andrew Carnegie finance their uprising and whose ingenious plan to ship munitions into Mexico in library cases was foiled by Dr. Kelley. There is the story of the wayward Catholic, at once fire chief, saloonkeeper and best loved character in a Puritan town, who had himself recalled from the door of the confessional by a prearranged false alarm.

When the Zoo Prisoners Escape

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dread that the boa would get upstairs in the station and they were always ready with their guns. We searched for that snake for a whole month, and one day one of my dogs got in the room while I was outside standing near the door. The dog began barking excitedly. I looked in. There was the boa on the wall ready to spring for the dog. I called the dog and got him out and locked the door. I ran to Conklin's house in Sixty-first street to tell him I had located the snake. Mrs. Conklin sent for her husband, who was visiting some friends near by. He had offered a reward of $50 to any one who found the snake.

"I ran back to the reptile house and got Pete Shannon, who was not afraid of man, beast or devil, and got another keeper to help capture the boa. Conklin came along then and we got four blankets. When we opened the door there was the boa coiled with his head up. Shannon make a quick move and threw his blanket over the snake's head. We all jumped on the snake and then had no trouble in getting him back in the box. I never received the reward."

Donahue says the nearest he ever came to being killed was by a large Alexis deer.

"A Dutch painter," he said, "was sent into his paddock to paint the fence a bright green. We had forgotten to warn the painter that the deer was vicious, and the minute he stepped in the gate the deer made for him. The paint was spilled over his clothes and he was rescued with difficulty.

"A few nights later in making my rounds I discovered the deer had got loose and was in a sort of hallway on the side of the pen. When I went to shut the gate he made for me and I was pinned against the side of the wall between his horns. I held on to his horns and gradually got my whistle out of my pocket. After being held in that position for over an hour help came and it took three of us to get him back in the paddock. The deer had it in for me after that and I was careful to see that he did not get the chance to get his revenge. The deer was found dead later."

He tells of an exciting time he and several keepers had capturing an escaped Malay black bear. The bear was attracted to some wild cherries on a tree over his cage. In reaching for the cherries the bear found he could get out. We could not find him for several hours. He was finally located in a tree not far away. One of the men threw a lariat and finally circled the bear's neck.

One night the large alligator got out and the first he learned of it was when a citizen came rushing down to the station and said that a crazy man was under the bridge tearing up the benches. The alligator was nine and a half feet long and was always ready for a fight. Donahue called for all the help he could get.

The keepers got all the lanterns they could find and the search began with pistols ready. Donahue says the lieutenant at the desk asked if there was any chance of the alligator getting into the station house. He was advised to have his gun ready for action. After an hour's search the alligator was found resting quietly between the wall under the bridge and a ladder. A long rope was procured and Donahue told one of the other keepers to stick a long plank in the reptile's mouth, when he then tied the rope securely to the alligator's tail. He was then dragged back to his quarters.

When the consolidation act became a law Donahue was placed in charge of the fowl in the Zoo. He said: "There was a fine collection of swans and geese in the park at the time. In the big lake there was a swan named Kaiser and he could lick any of his kind in the park. He made so much trouble that both his wings were clipped. Wherever Kaiser went he was always accompanied by the Kaiserin, who gave him help when a fight was on." The fowl were sold a year ago and the entire collection abolished.

Donahue was often kept busy shooting hawks that came to prey on the small birds in the lakes. He remembers that one day a woman who lived in West Eighty-fourth street sent word to the Zoo that she had captured an eagle in her yard and wanted a man to take it away. She said it would make a fine addition to the collection. When Donahue got to the house he found that the eagle was only a large hawk. He took it to the Zoo and the hawk was placed in the eagle's cage.

He says that animals of the cat specie will never forget an injury, and no matter how many years pass they will recognize the face of their tormentor and go for revenge. Elephants have the same trait. Donahue says that he made friends with many of the animals at the Zoo and the time spent there is filled with recollections he will deeply cherish to the end of his life.

He has a favorite bench on Riverside Drive near the Soldiers and Sailors Monument, and to this spot he journeys every day to meet old chums, where the experiences of the past are told and retold.

Hats Off to This Press Agent!

CHICAGO has started a new game which is reported to be rapidly spreading. It is called "Babbitt," after Sinclair Lewis's new novel, and like its English counterpart, "Beaver," any one with nerve and a quick eye can play it. "Beaver," as everybody knows, consists in spotting gentlemen with whiskers and loudly calling the public's attention to them. America never welcomed it warmly owing to the popularity of the safety razor. A "Babbitt" is different. He hasn't a beard and you can find one of them almost anywhere. A good player can pick out five splendid, full grown species of Babbitts wherever fifty of our countrymen are assembled. You can play it like solitaire by keeping count of your day's bag, but it is just the game for four contestants.—*From a publicity note issued by Harcourt, Brace & Co.*

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